

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd; for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacie haue you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?

Reg. To whose hands

You haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.

Glow. I haue a Letter guessingly set downe
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glow. To Douer.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Was't thou not charg'd at perill.

Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.

Glow. I am tyed to 'th' State,

And I must stand the Course.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Glow. Because I would not see thy cruell Naitles
Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,
In his Annoynted flesh, sticke boarish phangs.
The Sea, with such a Rorme as his bare head,
In Hell-blacke night indur'd; would haue buoy'd vp
And quench'd the Stilled fires:

Yet poore old heart, he helpe the Heauens to raine,
If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,
Thou should'st haue said, good Porter turne the Key:
All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see
The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.

Corn. See't shalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold y' Chaire,

Vpon these eyes of thine, lie for my foote.

Glow. He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,
Gie me some helpe. — O cruell! O you Gods.

Reg. One side will mocke another: Th' other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,

Ser. Hold your hand, my Lord:

I haue seru'd you eu' since I was a Child:

But better seruice haue I neuer done you,

Then how to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dogge?

Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?

Corn. My Villaine?

Ser. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Gie me thy Sword. A peasant stand vp thus?

Ser. Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left

To see some mischefe on him. Oh!

Corn. Let it see more, preuent it: Our vild gelly:

Where is thy lister now?

Glow. All darke and comfortlesse?

Where's my Sonne Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature

To quench this horrid acte.

Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,

Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he

That made the conquest of thy Treasons to vs:

Who is too good to pittie thee.

Glow. O my Follies! then Edgar was abus'd,

Kinde Gods, forgine me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Douer. — Exit with Gloucester.

How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slaue
Vpon the Dunghill: Regan, I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt. Gie me your arme. Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:
The lowest, and most dejected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in asperance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnsustaintiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Gloucester, and an Oldman.

But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.

Glow. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.

Glow. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis scene,

Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects

Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne Edgar,

The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:

Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,

I'd say I had eyes againe.

Oldm. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?

I am worse then ere I was.

Oldm. 'Tis poore mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,

So long as we can say this is the worst.

Oldm. Fellow, where goest?

Glow. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glow. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I th' last nights storme, I such a fellow saw;

Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne

Came then into my minde, and yet my minde

Was then scarce Friends with him.

I haue heard more since:

As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th' Gods,

They kill vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,

Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

Glow. Is that the naked Fellow?

Oldm. I, my Lord.

Glow. Get thee away: If for my sake

Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine,

I th' way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,

And bring some couering for this naked Soule,

Which Ile intreat to leade me.

Oldm. Alacke sir, he is mad.

Glow. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
About the rest, be gone.

Oldm. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue
Come on't, what will. Exit

Glow. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

Glow. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yes I must:

Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede.

Glow. Know'st thou the way to Douer?

Edg. Both stile, and gate; Horseway, and foot-path:
poore Tom hath bin scard out of his good wits. Blesse
thee good mans sonne, from the foule fiend.

Glow. Here take this purse, y' whom the heau'ns plague
Haue humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale so still:

Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,

That slaues your ordinance, that will not see

Because he do's not feelee, feelee your powre quickly:

So distribution should vndoo excessse,

And each man haue enough. Dost thou know Douer?

Edg. I Master.

Glow. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head
Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:

Bring me but to the very brimme of it,

And Ile repaire the misery thou do'st beare

With something rich about me: from that place,

I shall no leading neede.

Edg. Gie me thy arme;

Poore Tom shall leade thee. Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master?

Stew. Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd:

I told him of the Army that was Landed:

He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,

His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,

And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:

What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;

What like, offensiue.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

It is the Cowish terror of his spirit

That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feelee wrongs

Which rye him to an answer: our wishes on the way

May proue effects. Backe Edmund to my Brother,

Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.

I must change names at home, and giue the Distaffe

Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant

Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare

(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)

A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,

Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake

Would stretch thy Spirit vp into the ayre:

Conceiue, and fare thee well.

Bast. Yours in the ranks of death. Exit.

Gon. My most deere Gloster.

Oh, the differ
To thee a W
My Foole vlt
Sew. M

Gon. I ha

Alb. Oh

You are not y

Blowes in yo

Gon. Mill

That bear't

Who hast no

Thine Honor

Alb. See

Proper defor

So horrid as

Gon. Oh

Mef. Oh

Slaine by his

The other ey

Alb. Glo

Mef. A Se

Oppos'd agai

To his great

Flew on him,

But not with

Hath pluck'd

Alb. This

You iustices

So speedily

Loft he his o

Mef. Bo

This Leter M

'Tis from yo

Gon. On

But being wi

May all the b

Vpon my ha

The Newes i

Alb. W

When they d

Mef. Co

Alb. He i

Mef. No

Alb. Kno

Mef. I m

And quit the

Might haue

Alb. Glo

To thanke th

And to reuen

Tell me wha

Enter with

Cor. Ala

As mad as th

Crown'd wi

Wish Harde